

Insane Clown Posse "Thy Wraith"

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Always uninvited, fuck off unrespected
Sometimes he creeps other times he's expected
He hangs out in bad neighborhoods up at the park
He will strike in broad day light but prefers the dark

Three little kids caught inside a burning home
He'll just sit there and wait for 'em leave 'em alone
As sure as we're alive today and death is inevitable
He's waiting there watching through the eyes of a crow
fo' sho' I know

Death is always at a shitty time
Don't bother trying to run and hide
Take his hand cross to the other side
Step to the other side

Death is always at a shitty time
Don't bother trying to run and hide
Take his hand cross to the other side
Step to the other side

Freeway intersections when the bars close, he loves
'em
Blew out traffic lights he hovers above him
And he loves the motherfuck out of crackheads and
heroin
Rehab centers and caring mothers always scaring him

Sharing them needles he encourages and raw sex?
They got him working and steady collecting soul
checks
Then again, what? Nine times out of ten, I wish he's
take me
Instead of some of these poor children we see I'm
saying, what?

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Don't bother trying to run and hide
Take his hand cross to thy other side
Step to thy other side

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He remains nameless but we call him the wraith
He is thy 6th joker's card of the dark carnival faith
That's it, now your clock is ticking, every second counts
And everything you do that right or wrong, it all
amounts

And whether you going to Heaven or Hell he doesn't
care
He's only here to give you the death touch and send
you there
Most people fear him because they don't understand
That once he finally touches you with death eternity can
begin

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